pulled back sharply when Kirk bit him. His face darkened angrily, aroused enough by this battle to take Kirk again--this time as he really wanted him, in this body--without even caring about the inevitable outcome. But Kirk's expression stopped him; it was puzzled, even hurt.

"Why, Spock? I thought we had...something special between us. A trust. Why did you want to ruin that?"

The openness startled Spock into responding, "I didn't. I was greedy. I wanted more. I've wanted you for a long time...you, in this body. But I could not have that--you wouldn't have permitted it. When I saw the chance to have you in another way, I...couldn't resist. Illogical to wait so long for what I wanted--and then only take second best." He reached down with one hand to unfasten the gold vest.

"Wait," Kirk said, halting the Vulcan automatically with the force of his command voice. "I...I think you should have just asked me. I might have said yes."

Spock regarded him suspiciously, the capitulation was too easy. But the hazel eyes were wide and intense. "What do you mean?" Spock demanded.

"Just that. I've trusted you with my life, why do you think I wouldn't be willing to give you more if you wanted?" Kirk's tone was silky, and he twisted his hips teasingly beneath Spock. The Vulcan continued to restrain his arms, pinned above the sandy hair, but his hold stopped cutting into Kirk's flesh.

"All right," Kirk's voice was a harsh whisper, "I admit it. I was turned on when you took me in Lester's body. You're a damn good lay, and it was...certainly something different. Maybe I've wanted you all along, too, and that was just a good excuse to get a taste of you. Like you said, I stopped fighting you, didn't I?"

Spock's grip loosened slightly. "Then why are you fighting me now?"

"I'm not...now. You just took me by surprise. I didn't realize you wanted me, not her."

"Her?" Spock moved against Kirk again. "She was nothing. She wasn't even desirable to me. But your mind inside her body made her...incredibly erotic."

Kirk smiled, the lazy, self-confident smile Spock would have killed for--and had. "Okay, then let me show you how much better it is to have all of it." He raised his head and kissed Spock seductively. The Vulcan released his hold and pulled the human close, but still maintained his dominance, thrusting his tongue inside the now willing mouth.

After a moment, Kirk pulled back a little, eyes smokey with desire. "Let's get undressed. I like to see you naked."

Spock rolled to one side cautiously, but the human made no move to escape. Kirk reached for the fastening of the Vulcan's black pants. "Let me..." he whispered, opening them and sliding the material down the slim hips. As he began to caress the already erect cock, Spock moaned, losing himself to the touch of that hand, to the sweet, swift sensations. His eyes flew open as Kirk moved off the edge of the bed and stood, but he relaxed again as the human swept his hand up the inside of his thigh, pausing to fondle the testicles. Spock watched with hungry eyes as Kirk straightened and began to undress, starting with the gold vest.

Then it was Spock's turn to straighten as he saw the deadly little phaser in the Captain's hand.

"You fool," Kirk snarled. "Did you really think I'd come in here and let you take me all over again, just as if I was still in that weak, flabby body? Did you think I'd let you use me like that without making you pay for it? I may not have your Vulcan strength, but this is definitely an equalizer. We'll see who does the taking this time." With a harsh laugh, he stunned Spock, using the lowest setting on the phaser.

The Vulcan fell back on the bed, muscles melting like butter, still conscious but only able to move in slow, lead-weighted motions, uncoordinated and weak. He cursed himself for his gullibility. He'd wanted to believe so much--but he should have known Kirk would never give in so easily. And perhaps he had known it. Perhaps he had wanted to be punished somehow for breaking Kirk's trust.

Kirk put the phaser down on a table and stood for a long moment, hot eyes raking the naked form. He slipped a dagger from his boot top, the razor sharp metal glinting evilly in the reddish light of the room. Kirk smiled as he approached the bed.

"How does it feel to be the weak one, Spock? To lose your strength and not be able to fight back?

He ran his hand down the Vulcan's chest and stomach. The stun effect had taken Spock's erection along with his energy, and Kirk took the limp organ roughly in his hand. He toyed with the knife purposefully, holding Spock's eyes, watching for a flicker of fear.

"Maybe you need to feel what it's like to lose it, too. Poetic justice. Proper revenge, don't you think, for what you did to me?"

Spock held his breath as the knife edged closer; for a second he was convinced Kirk would do it. But his quick panic faded as he saw the subtle change in the human's expression: an instant of indecision followed by a renewed hunger. The grip on his cock turned into a hard caress, sweeping back up his bare body.

"No," Kirk said with deceptive softness. "Not that. Besides, it would be a pity to mutilate this magnificent body--just yet. Oh yes, I've noticed you the same as you noticed me. Watched you move like some sleek, dark cat. I've always had a taste for the exotic. And I've felt you watching me, and I liked that, too. Maybe...just maybe I'd have let you fuck me anyway--but it would have been on my terms. You made a big mistake thinking you could change that. I always win." His eyes were a glittering green now as he savored his victory. "It would've been a lot easier for you if I was that other one...from the other universe. I imagine he would be simple to seduce--" He stopped and shook his head. "No, you wouldn't like it to be easy, would you? You're made of the same stuff I am. Rape is more interesting."

Spock's skin was beginning to tingle as the stun effect started to wear off, but he was still unable to move more than slightly. "Kirk, that is not--" he tried to speak but his words were slurred and slow, and the human cut in impatiently.

"We're alike, Spock. Too much, maybe. You're becoming dangerous; you know me too well--although